

# The Ottawa Free Trader.

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Ottawa, Ill., March 3, 1888.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MR. J. G. NATTINGER.

No object in nature so completely challenges and secures the admiration of mankind, as a gray-haired Patriarch who has devoted his long and busy life in behalf of his family and his people; who by precept and by practice has sustained and helped to build up and maintain the moral virtues and religious influences, and whose daily walk and conversation and consistent example, have been the guide of the young, the emulation of the good, the comfort of the aged and a blessing to society. Bowed down by the weight of many years, having exceeded by nearly a decade the scriptural allotment of "Three score and ten," and having put his house in order for the final summons, he calmly waits the voice which shall call him to a higher sphere. These were the thoughts which came to us when we lately visited him in his comfortable home in East Ottawa, and he is the Patriarch we have above described. To him, and his family, we are indebted for the following particulars of his life.

BORN IN GERMANY.

John George Nattinger was born in the town, or Stadt of Denkerdorf, in the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, in Germany, on Jan. 30, 1808. He had two younger brothers, one dying in Wurtemberg before the family left for America. He had two older brothers, Johannes Jakob and Jacob Gottlieb, and a sister Barbara. His father, Johannes Nattinger's business was mainly farming, but he had acquired much skill in the treatment of the diseases of horses and cattle, and his services were often in requisition among the people in his neighborhood. Compulsory education had lately been introduced into Germany, and though it was not necessary in Mr. Nattinger's case, he went a short time to a school, merely remembering the new law as an event in that country, long talked about among the people, and regarded by some as a great act of tyranny on the part of the government. Mr. Nattinger recalls the fact that he could read and write when eight years of age. Mr. Nattinger's impressions of the old country, which he left when ten years old, are not very numerous, nor vivid, except as to the common amusements of juvenile life, which were much the same the world over. He remembers well the old farm and the apple trees of childhood days. Also the ceremonies of the Lutheran church to which his parents belonged, and the ruins of a grand old cemetery of past ages among which he used to play.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE TOWARDS AMERICA.

In April, 1817, Mr. Nattinger, Sr., and his family embarked to seek their fortunes in America. The Mr. Nattinger of this sketch remembers the vessel in which they sailed, and by a prodigious flight of fancy called the "Sea Cloud," as a horrible old tub, whose only redeeming quality was, that she generally kept herself on top of the waves, but not always, for they frequently rushed over her deck and seemed to bury her down to the very heads of the mast. Still she would somehow crawl out from under the mountains of water which had been heaved upon her, give herself a shake as if to be rid of every drop of the aggressive flood, and then renew the battle to be drowned again; sometimes ignominiously swallowed up by the sea, and sometimes bobbing serenely on the surface; never quite sinking to the bottom and never securely floating on the top. The vessel was built in Holland; it was stout, broad bottomed and sturdy in its habits, and in spite of the wind and weather and monstrous waves, she kept aloft, but as for sailing qualities she made no pretence.

She had all she could do to keep right side up, and no strength to waste in going forward. She left the port of Amsterdam, to which point the Nattinger family had come from Denkerdorf, on the river Rhine, and got on board. The ship must have been a large craft for those days, as she sailed with six hundred and sixty six passengers, and, besides, a numerous crew. The faults that have been attributed to the ship, may not all have been her own, for her captain proved woefully incompetent.

DRIFTING ABOUT AND "LOST."

The Atlantic ocean, which we can now cross in a floating palace, in five or six days, we often contemptuously and in diminutive exaggeration call a "pond." It is about three thousand miles in width, from shore to shore, at its narrowest point. But a modern "steamer" make a "bee line," it goes from a harbor to another opposite, as an arrow in a bow in the hands of a skillful archer. In the times when the "Sea Cloud" was tossing about on the North sea, all ships were propelled by the wind, when there was any, and when there was none they waited. Of all the powers which man has applied to any use, wind has the reputation of being the most capricious. A sailing craft was the special play thing of Aolus, the myth of heathen mythology. Sailing craft only can circumvent a head wind by "tacking," moving in a zigzag line to the right and left successively; sometimes sailing twenty miles to make two or three in a direct line forward. Under favorable circumstances it required two or three months for a sailing vessel to cross the Atlantic. A month's trip was an extraordinary achievement. But as for the "Sea Cloud," she didn't seem intended to go anywhere. She got into the North Sea and tacked and tacked for all points of the compass, and did not go anywhere to speak of. Days came and nights followed, and the passengers all read, slept and lounged about when it was clear, or huddled together like frightened sheep when it stormed, and still the ship rocked to and fro, or raised and fell with the waves, and with the sails all spread, or closely reefed, according to the state of the weather, but did not seem to move an inch on her journey.

A FEARFUL STORM.

Thus they drifted about on the sea day after day, week after week, and month after month—from April till some time in November, and during which fearfully long and tedious time, nearly six months, they had been completely lost on the ocean! At length an awful storm came on, such as are peculiar to that wild and turbulent sea. The wind howled and shrieked in mighty fury, and the stricken vessel ran before it as if a thing of life fleeing from certain destruction! On went the flying ship, and the waves, rolling mountain high, crested with wreaths of foam, came roaring after with appalling speed. For hours the terror stricken passengers helplessly watched the fearful contest between the roaring billows and their fragile ship. The sea, with its thousand chasms gaping wide to swallow up their fleeing vessel; the brave ship, dashing on, enshrouded in a cloud of spray! At length the masts, one by one, had been cut away and swept overboard, when, at last, as if appeared at these tributes to its power, the Storm King drew off his forces, and the helpless craft drifted about at the caprice of the still towering waves. In this forlorn condition they remained for several days, when the passengers held a council and deposed the incompetent commander, and rigged a jury mast, headed the ship in a certain direction, and resolutely adhered to it, certain that they would find land if they could continue long enough in any one direction. Meantime their food was running short, and sickness and suffering appeared. After a few days' horrid suspense the cheerful cry of "Land in sight!" greeted them from a watcher, and cheers filled the air. In a few hours they reached the shore, which proved to be the large sea port of Bergen, on the Norwegian coast. More than six months of weary sailing, and less than a thousand miles from home and still as far from America as when they started. Here the estrayed emigrants had to remain all winter, but, as they enjoyed good health and plenty of provisions, rather more of fish than German diet usually includes, they were thankful, happy and hopeful. Through the assistance of the German consul at Bergen and the co-operation of the local authorities, another ship was procured, this time of "Norsker" make, manned by sailors and commanded by a Norwegian captain. This vessel, like the "Sea Cloud," was a large and heavy ship, made like all the sea craft of those days, with little regard to grace or beauty of proportion or with reference to speed, but designed especially for great strength. When spring came the voyagers re-embarked on the "North Star," or something like it, for ANOTHER OCEAN VOYAGE FOR AMERICA.

Profiting by experience before in longer absence from land than they had anticipated, and a consequent lack of food, they took extra precaution this time in this respect and laid in an abundance of provisions, and when all was ready, once more set sail for "the land of the tree." They started about the first of May, A. D. 1818. At first they flew along with a rapidity that was delightful and which seemed marvelous when compared with the lazy, inertness of the "Sea Cloud," but head winds and sea squalls arose, and they had to make long tacks and alter their course from time to time. Sometimes they seemed to be going north. This they corrected by returning south. Occasionally a strong bow wind drove them back as far in a couple of hours as they had made ahead in a couple of weeks. Now and then a dead calm would settle upon them and the sails would settle in unruined silence for weeks; then a stiff side wind would send them flying

towards the equator, and repenting for its rude behaviour, would blow them back as far northward. Sometimes they crept along upon their proper course, sometimes the other way. So they drifted, here and there, and longed for the land, and hoped and prayed, if plausibly inclined, and those who were not may have sworn "a prayer or two." And they went on and on, or stood still, as the waves and the wind determined, but still no sight of land. The passengers strained their eyes in vain for the sight of a passing ship, but none came. Purposes swam near to see them, sharks followed in their wake and dolphins played around them, and now and then a whale spouted in the distance. Even these "strange denizens of the deep" were company to the lonesome and land-deserted emigrants! And thus the days came and went, and the time lengthened into weeks, the weeks grew into months again, as on their first hapless trip. Spring thawed and warmed into summer, summer blazed into autumn, and autumn ripened and mellowed into winter, and still around them nothing but a dreary waste of limited sea—no land, nor signs of any, save the delusive ones which only appeared and finally faded away into nothing.

TERRIFIED BY A PIRATE.

Long the passengers had been longing and praying for the sight of a ship. One morning a formidable black cruiser appeared in plain view, and flying from her masthead the excited crew made out the emblems of her fearful trade—a black flag, with skull and cross bones in the center. She was a veritable pirate! Imagine the commotion which followed among these seven hundred almost helpless people. They brought out a decayed old swivel gun; they sharpened up their few rusty swords and cutlasses, and got together their axes and marlin spikes, and resolved, if they must perish, to die bravely, and they breathlessly watched the approaching foe. On came the ominously black and red ship, nearer and more near, while the old emigrant tub, in spite of all the additional canvas that could be tied upon the masts, crept along at her old rheumatic gait. At length the pirates fired a gun, the signal of blood, robbery, murder and food for expectant sharks. A wall of terror went up from the women and children and the more timid of the men. The captain took his constant pipe from his mouth to make his final speech and strike a tragic attitude while saying his last words. "Ship ahoy!" was shouted from the piratical craft. The emigrant vessel responded by a rather timid shout of defiance. "The robber of the sea" hove alongside and proved to be—a fishing vessel in pursuit of whales! The transition from the depths of gloom to the heights of joy to the fear oppressed emigrants was truly marvelous. The stranger was a friend indeed, supplying the lost voyagers with fresh water and provisions and directing them on their nearest way to port.

THEIR LONG VOYAGE CONTINUES.

The excitement caused by the pirate's queer, yet courteous visit, and the hope they had inspired, lasted for several days, till at length it became certain that the old tub was lost again. It had tried to follow the direction pointed out by the visitors, but, owing to the incompetency of the officers, or the unmanageableness of the vessel, or both, they were literally "as much at sea" as ever. They were lost again! The old routine of sailing on, day after day, was resumed without abatement or change, save in the weather, which had grown very cold, for it was now winter, and they were drifting they knew not whither, and still looking for land that seemed as if it never would be found. Now and then a fragment of an iceberg came in sight and passed away; then a whale or two spouted in the distance. Cold gray clouds overcast the sky, and snow storms came, and still they breasted the waves; and on, on seeking the unknown land. At length, one cold morning, January 15th, 1819, they arrived, wholly unexpectedly, at Baltimore. They had started for Philadelphia May 1st, 1818, and, consequently, had been eight and a half months on the ocean.

SETTLING DOWN TO WORK.

As soon as the family had gotten on shore, Mr. Nattinger, Sr., lost no time in securing employment. He went to work as a glass blower, having learned that trade in Germany when a boy. Gottlieb obtained a place in the country. John G. was too young to stand much heavy labor, but made himself useful in different ways. Two years afterwards the glass works ceased to operate, and Mr. Nattinger sought other employment, and the family scattered for a time, but afterwards came together and started a dairy near Baltimore and did a profitable business, till again came along and the whole family were prostrated by it. About that time Middle and Western Virginia were attracting attention as affording fine tracts of unimproved land, suitable for homesteads. It was then generally a howling wilderness in places, and there-for enough "wild west" for Maryland emigrants. Mr. Nattinger concluded to go there and at least get rid of the "shakes." He tried that scheme, and packing up, took his family and went to the national pike road, which led through Virginia to Wheeling. Not liking that country, he went on to Morgan county, Ohio, where, in 1822, he got some land and commenced to clear it, and then hired out for two years for the somewhat light wages of two dollars per month. Out of the twenty-four dollars, which he earned each year, one fourth went to pay the family debt. This was a miserable section of country, and its soil was not worth the labor put upon it. Here the father died, aged 76 years.

Asylum Children.

A company of children, mostly boys, aged from seven to fifteen years, from the

New York Juvenile Asylum, will arrive in Earlville at the Wallace House, Friday morning, March 9, 1888. Homes are wanted for them with families where they will receive kind treatment, and enjoy fair advantages. They may be taken on trial for two months, and afterwards, if all parties are suited, they will be indentured until of age. Persons desiring to take these children on trial are requested to meet them at the Wallace House, Friday forenoon March 9th, as they will remain but one day in Earlville. For further information inquire at your postoffice for a handbill giving full particulars. All expenses for transportation will be assumed by the Asylum, and the children will be placed on trial and indentured free of charge.

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The Magazine of the Month.

President Seelye, of Amherst College, has made a study of "Our Political Prospects" to determine what large moral principles the political party that hopes for permanent success must now build itself on. This essay will appear in the *Forum* for March. In the same number Representative William M. Springer explains the "Hindrances to Surplus Reduction," and Mr. William R. Morrison points out from a revenue point of view, "Who is Benefited by Protection."

The *Magazine of American History* is interesting, as usual. The leading article entitled "Historic Cannon Balls and Houses," is an animated description of the invasion of Connecticut by the British in 1777, and the bold resistance of the inhabitants of the town of Ridgefield, by Col. Ridgefield, A. H. Bartlett, L. B. and the paper is superbly illustrated, thus adding greatly to the charm of the narrative. The portrait of General David Wooster, who fell in this encounter, forms the frontispiece to the number; it is from a rare and handsome picture made in London in 1776. The second article, "New York and Ohio's Centennial," by Douglas Campbell, is a stirring account of New York's relation to the territory now occupied by the states of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin. General Alfred E. Lee writes a delightfully readable paper on "Central Ohio Seventy Years Ago." John J. Morris sketches incidents in the life and times of "Captain Sylvester Salisbury," who figured in the conquest of New York in 1664. Rev. William Barrows, D. D., contributes a valuable paper on "The Methods of Teaching History." R. S. Robertson, Lieutenant-governor of Indiana, tells of the "Escape of Grant and Mead" from riding into the enemy's lines in 1864. The *Popular Science Monthly* for March comes to us richly freighted with the results of thought and investigation in the important field which it represents. The series of papers by Hon. David A. Wells on "Economic Disturbances" is continued by one in which he combats the notion that the displacement of hand-labor by machinery is a disadvantage to the laborer, and points out that, as fast as men lose their employment in the production of the necessities of life, they find a demand for their labor in occupations that minister to comfort and culture. Professor Andrew D. White contributes another of his curious "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," dealing with the period of attempts at compromise between geology and Genesis, in which Luther, Voltaire, Gladstone, and other famous personages have taken part. In "Glimpses at Darwin's Working Life," Mr. William H. Larabee presents some of the most striking characteristics revealed in the "Life and Letters" of the great naturalist. "Evolution: What it is Not, and What it is," though anonymous, is plausibly from the pen of one of the leading writers of popular science. Under the title "The Antechamber of Consciousness," Frances Spier, Jr., reports the results of his inquiries as to whether mental action goes on during unconsciousness. In "Our Ice-Supply and its Dangers," T. Mitchell Pruden, M. D., describes in an especially readable style the harvesting of ice near New York, and shows that the pure-looking blocks may be charged with germs of disease. "Underground Waters as Social Factors," by Professor G. A. Daubroe, gives an idea of the influence which water-supply has had on the distribution of population. "The Indians of British Columbia" is a record of personal investigations among those tribes made by Dr. Franz Boaz. "Weather-Prophecies," by the Hon. Ralph Abernethy, shows how far popular weather-signs are of use for scientific predictions. An illustrated article on "Flamingos at Home," by Henry A. Blake; "Curious Facts of Inheritance," and a sketch, with portrait, of Henry Bradford Nason, make up the body of the number. In the Editor's Table, "Darwin's Education" and "The Contractions of Science" are discussed. The other departments are full, as usual, of interesting matter.

A press telegram of Saturday last says that the discovery of natural gas about fourteen miles south of Morris, between Mazon and Gardner, has caused a great flurry in that section. It was reported that the gas spouted up fifteen feet and illuminated the surrounding country. An expert was sent down there on Saturday from Joliet by prominent Joliet manufacturers, and it was discovered that a well had been dug fourteen feet on the Carter property and bored 167 feet. An inch and a half pipe was inserted and reduced at the top to a common gas jet, making a light about as long as a common cigar lighter. The ex-

pert went back greatly disgusted, stating that it was but a very poor quality of low pressure marsh gas, common everywhere.

This report of the Joliet "expert" is, however, contradicted by the *Morris Herald* reporter who visited the well, who of course finds it a rich rock gas \* \* \* and that capital only is needed to make that region the wonder of the country." The *Morris* man says: "Mr. Carter, who is a trustworthy man says 'that they oftentimes utilize the gas for the purpose of lighting up the barn yard of a dark night, and by the brilliant light thus afforded they are enabled to go about their chores as readily as if it was the brightest moonlight night. Gas was encountered in this well Feb. 5, 1867. A hired man, Alex. Lee, while passing the well with a lighted lantern was suddenly enveloped in flame—above him and around him all was one vast body of flame; it lasted but an instant, when it was gone save a huge volume of flame that was being vomited up through the well; the people became alarmed; neighbors saw the fire and came for miles around to assist in extinguishing it; on reaching the scene they were dumfounded and many were confident the millenium had come, but the mystery was solved in a few days and nothing more was thought of it until the wells recently discovered in Ohio and Indiana have become so prominent."

A well on Andrew Johnson's farm, three-quarters of a mile west of the Center, is so full of gas as to make it decidedly uncomfortable for the more timid people of his household. At times the water in the well will seethe, size, plunge, boil and splash amidst an awful roar as to make the disturbance anything but inviting. A well in the northeast corner of the township, one near the southwest corner, and numerous others denote the presence of gas." This observer concludes that there is natural gas there in "unlimited quantities."

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a revival of trade at D. Lorriau's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

The first act passed by Congress after that to put the constitution in force was an act for a tariff.—*Republican*.

Now in point of fact that is true, but the inference that the *Republican* would draw that it was a protective tariff as now understood, is not true, as the debates of Congress clearly prove. It was one for revenue, and not one single item of the less than 50 taxed, was taxed as high as 20 per cent. The average per cent being 8½ per cent.

But grant that it was a protective tariff, what a commentary it is on "American system," that while 8½ was deemed ample to protect Americans in 1789 it now takes about 45 per cent *ad valorem*, and yet fails to do the same work!

Then the sharpest protectionists pleaded the imposition of the tax as (aside from revenue requirements) a temporary expedient only. Hamilton himself admitted the force of the free trade argument but thought because other nations restricted trade the United States ought to do so to as long as they did. The argument of immediate expediency more than positive assertion of an economic truth, was the potential force of Hamilton's report on the subject. The adoption of protection as a national policy came later. However it does not make a protective system any more desirable that it may have been agreed to by "the fathers."

But Mr. "Q" says that the present system is not "taxation," "neither is it unjust."

What is a protective duty? The best definition is that given by the leading protectionist journal of America, the *Philadelphia American*, to wit: "A protective duty is one having for its object the diversion of a part of the capital and labor of the people out of the channels in which it would run otherwise, into channels favored or created by law." In other words, into industries that the tariff protects by raising the price of products by barring out foreign products of the same kind at a lower price. It cannot protect unless it does so act as a bar. The government says it does not want the revenue but the manufacturer can collect it. Is not this a tax? If not, what is it? That duty is paid to some one by some one—it must be or there is no protection. It may be called a "tax" or an "import," but it is a tax just the same, though the government may never get a cent of it. And is it not unjust to take from the many to give to the few?

Grand Rapids.

The weather is very fine at present, and you will see the young fellows on the road with their kids on for styles.

John Poundstone is starting in the cattle business—the stock is Jersey.

E. C. Snedaker is moving to Grand Ridge.

Mr. Morris Nagle is buying a fine carload of horses to take to Iowa.

J. C. Davis is the coming assessor this spring.

Mr. David Poundstone will be the next supervisor, and the republicans will be chattering their teeth like a wet hen, and the *Marseilles* papers will not have the chance to crow as last spring. Dave is a good democrat, and the republicans will not nominate a candidate and Mr. Poundstone will have a large majority, and the town will be better pleased. The republicans have a Cleveland this fall, and then you will see Cleveland our president and Blaine will crawl back like the hedgehog and stay—not six weeks but six years.

CYCLONE.

Married.

At the residence of Mr. J. Kapelski, on the evening of the 21st instant, by Arthur Lockwood, Esq., Henry J. Walsing of Ottawa, to Miss Lillian Leary of La Salle.

## ROMANCES IN HIGH LIFE.

They Do Happen Occasionally, and Here is an Instance.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—I don't dare to tell you who they are, but there is as pretty a little romance connected with two well known society ladies, whose names are often seen in print, as a novelist ever put in a book.

In her girlhood, the first of these lived in a lovely cottage on the outskirts of Newport, the famous watering place of the rich and fashionable. By her neighbors she was known as "the farmer's pretty daughter." He tilled the soil, furnished the big hotels with its products, while she milked the cows and picked the berries that supplied his customers. The cottage was a favorite stopping place for ladies in driving, for they were always sure of a glass of cool, fresh milk and a luscious dish of fruit.

One day, the old farmer forgot to leave a basket of strawberries that had been ordered by a rich old aristocrat named—well, call her Mrs. Van Brunt, that's near enough—and on his return home, told his daughter to take them to her rooms at the hotel. Kate was at first reluctant, for she was well bred, proud, and thought herself as good as anybody, money or no money.

She went, however, was cordially received and left not only the fruit but an impression that changed the current of her life. Mrs. Van Brunt had a young son, handsome, clever, and with a heart like a photograph plate. In the conversation that followed, the wit, beauty and sparkle of the pretty country girl was a revelation. It was an agreeable interruption to the monotony of their fashionable lives.

After this interview, Mrs. Van Brunt was a frequent caller at Little Cottage, and as often accompanied by her stalwart heir, who never failed to insist on seeing "the young lady who prepared such delicious berries and milk."

On one of these occasions, Mrs. Van Brunt, who had become very fond of the farmer's daughter, asked her if she would not like to go abroad and be her guest for a couple of months. Of course, in any ambitious girl's mind there could be but one answer, and, after consulting with her parents, she pronounced an unmistakable yes! All the arrangements being made, the trio, mother, son and rustic belle started on the trip.

From the very first there was a flavor of love in the atmosphere. Kate suffered most; at least appeared to, for she knew "there was millions in it." To the young fellow, who was somewhat tired of ordinary flirtations with the city girls, it was an agreeable episode in his usually sluggish life. For a while the old lady was blind. She had set her heart on a high matrimonial alliance in another quarter, and did not dream of danger as an outcome of the generous friendship she had shown the girl. Every day, however, strengthened the intimacy of the young couple and complicated the meshes of the web that Cupid was weaving. They became almost inseparable, traveling acquaintances looked upon them as betrothed, and finally the son proudly told his mother that he had made up his mind to get married.

The news came like a thunder clap out of a clear sky, and the storm that followed shook up the old aristocrat to such a degree that she threatened to disinherit him. Nothing remained but to return home as quickly as possible and send the girl back to her milk pails and cows. This was done, but shortly after reaching New York, the young man, worried by the opposition of his mother, was taken ill. The illness became so serious that his affiance determined to hasten to his side. She called at the house, but was refused admission. Again and again she applied to see her beloved with the same result, until one day, meeting the mother by accident, she confessed that she was the affianced wife of her son and demanded to see him as a right. The latter was now at the point of death, paralyzed and unconscious, and the proud aristocrat's heart melted. Possibly it was with the hope that the woman he loved best might be the means of restoring him to health. But it was too late. No sign of recognition occurred, and on the following day he died.

In her grief, she prayed forgiveness for the wrong she had done, and folded the country girl to her bosom as an adopted daughter. As such she was received into the family, the portion belonging to the dead heir was settled upon her, and in time she became a central figure in New York's best society.

Two or three years afterward she became the wife of a foreign diplomatist, and now vibrates between the two continents, entertains and is regally entertained, and occupies a sphere to which she would, in any event, be entitled by virtue of her true womanhood.

F. G. DE FONTAINE.

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## SURFACE

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